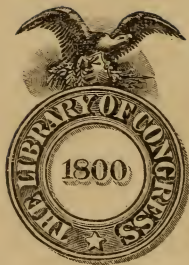


DC

III

.3

P8

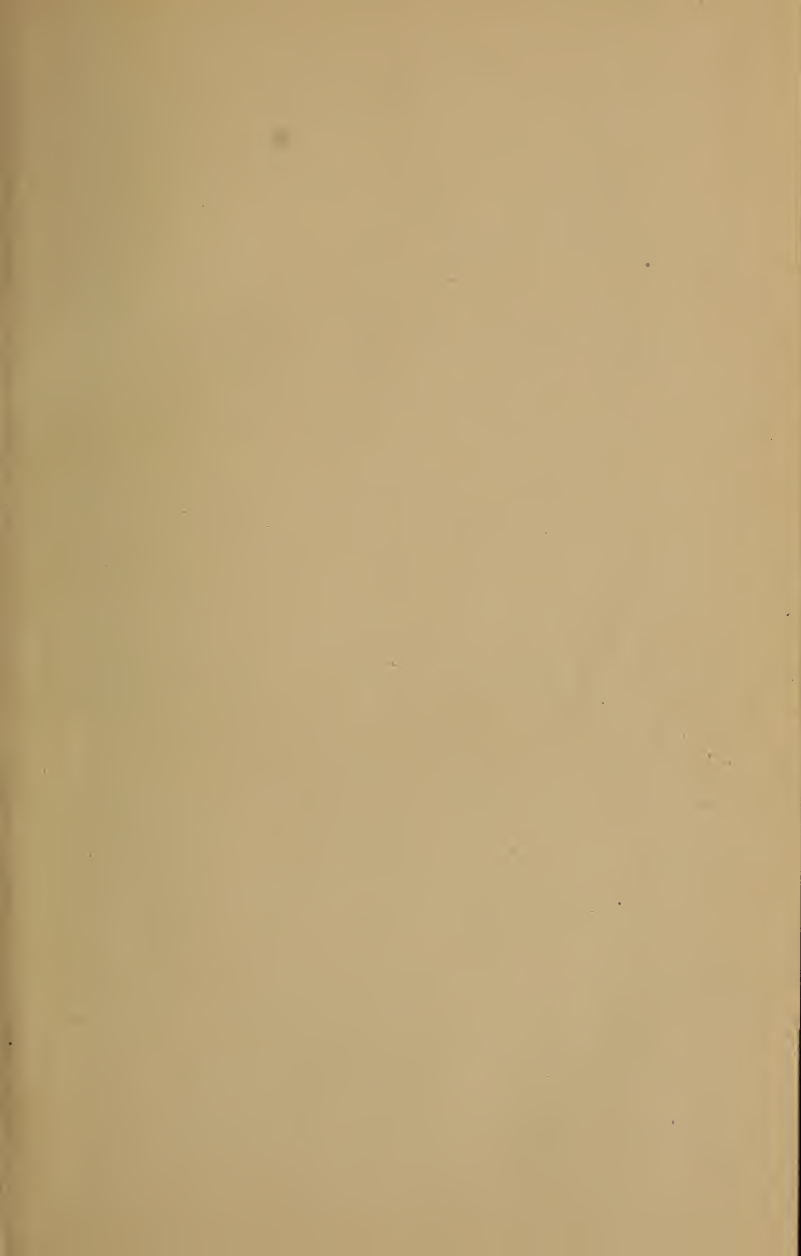


Class □ C III

Book . 3

PRESENTED BY

. P 8



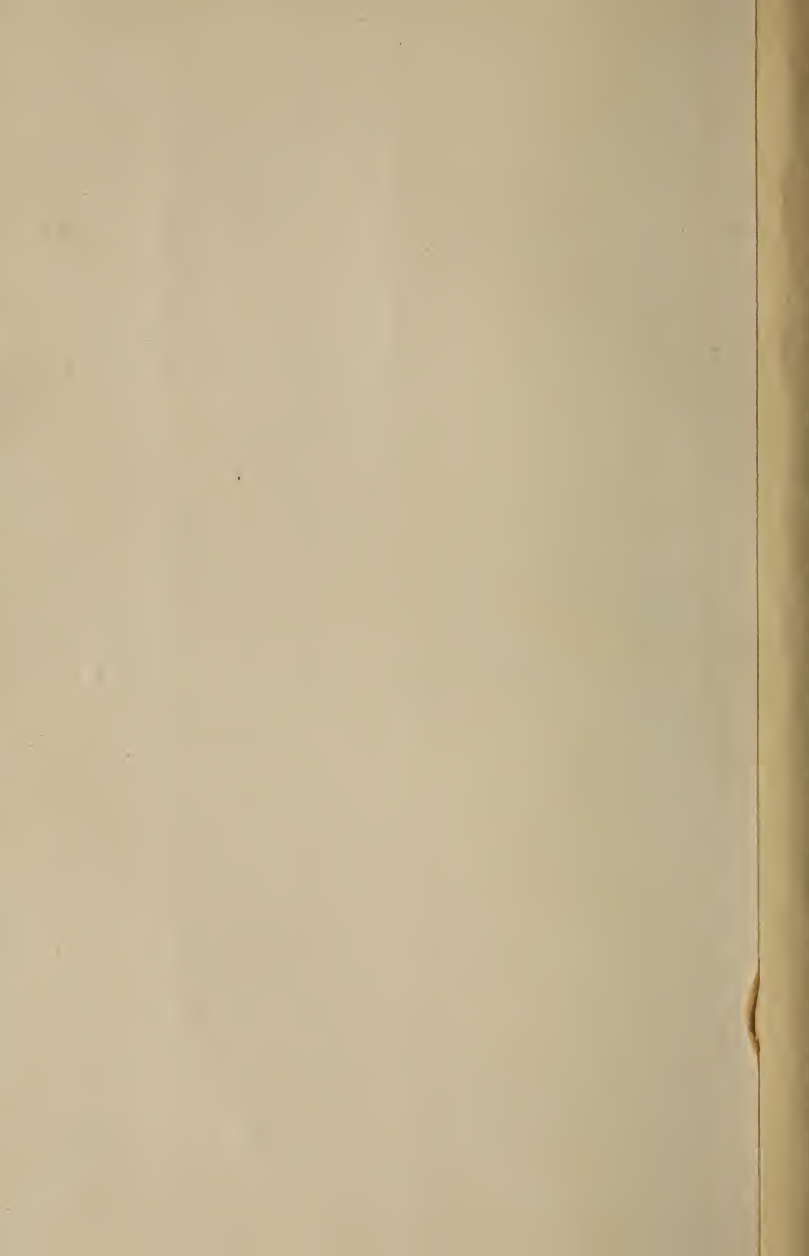
THE
HUGUENOTS.

BY THE
REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LIX.

One Shilling.



B. H. Wood

1064

1280

THE HUGUENOTS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

THE HUGUENOTS.

BY

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Second Edition.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LIX.

DC III
.3
P8

Giff-
J. Hyde
S. 11. 19

THE HUGUENOTS.

FROM the Reformation may be dated a new era in the history of history. As presented to us in the writings of the older historians, history consisted, for the most part, of the bare recital of events, unaccompanied by philosophical reflections, or by any attempt to discover the mutual relations and tendencies of things. After the Reformation, the adherents of the rival churches, each from his own stand-point, moralised upon that wondrous revolution, and upon the circumstances, political and social, which introduced and attended it. That which had been chronicle became thus controversy. Writers not only narrated events, but fringed them with the hues of their own thought, and impressed upon them the bias of their own opinions, and as one result of this there sprang up the Philosophy of History. Men began to think that if the Reformation, and the events connected with it, might be canvassed in their sources and issues, all national changes, all events

upon the mighty stream of tendency, might be legitimately subjected to similar criticism. Gradually this survey of the past took a loftier stand, and spread over a wider range. The causes of the rise and fall of empires—the elements of national prosperity or decline—the obsolescence or adaptation of various forms of government—the evidences of growth and transition among the peoples of mankind,—all in their turn were made matters of historical inquiry. Thus history, at first narrative and then polemical, has become, in our day, a record of progress, a triumphal eulogy of the growth of civilization.

But both writers and readers of history form an unworthy estimate of its province if they restrict it within such limits. They only realise its mission who see in its transitions the successive developments of Providence, ever working without pause and without failure the counsel of the Divine will. It is not enough, if we would study history aright, that we should follow in the track of battle, and listen to the wail of the vanquished, and to the shouts of conquerors; it is not enough that we should philosophically analyse the causes of upheaval and remodelling; it is not enough that we regard it as a school for the study of character, and gaze, with an admiration that is almost awe, upon "the world's foster-gods," the stalwart nobility of mankind; it is not enough that we should regard it as a chaos of incident, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan;" we realise the

true ideal of history only when we discover God in it, shaping its ends for the evolution of His own design, educing order from its vast confusions, resolving its complications into one grand and marvellous unity, and making it a body of completeness and symmetry, with Himself as the informing soul.

Let this faith be fastened on our spirits, and history becomes a beautiful study. The world is seen linked to Christ—an emerald rainbow round about His throne. In His great purpose its destiny of glory is secure. There is sure warrant for the expectation of that progress of which the poet-watchers have so hopefully sung; progress, unintermitting, through every disaster of the past, heralding progress, yet diviner, in every possibility of the future. The eye of sense may trace but scanty foreshadowings of the brightness; there may be dark omens in the aspects of the times—clouds may gather gloomily around, and the wistful glance, strained through the darkness, may discern but faint traces of the coming of the day; but it *shall* come, and every movement brings it nigher—for “the word of the Lord hath spoken it,” and that word “endureth for ever.”

In our study of the history of France, or, indeed, of any other nation, we must remember certain peculiarities, which, though apparently of small account, are influential elements in national progress, and means towards the formation of national character. Each race, for example, has its distinctive temperament, which it transmits from

generation to generation. The character which Cæsar gave of the Gallic tribes two thousand years ago, is, in its most noticeable features, their character still. "They are warlike, going always armed, ready on all occasions to decide their differences by the sword; a people of great levity, little inclined to idleness; hospitable, generous, confiding, and sincere." This transmission of qualities, while it fosters the pride of a nation, stamps upon it an individuality, and prevents the adoption of any general changes, which have no affinity with the national mind.

In like manner, the traditions of a nation are potent influences in national culture. The memory of its heroes, and of the battle-fields where their laurels were won; of its seers of science, its prophets of highest-mounted mind; of its philosophers, the high-priests of nature; of its poets, who have played upon the people's heart as upon a harp of many tunes; of its great men, who have excited wonder; of its good men, who have inherited love; all the old and stirring recollections of the romantic past, which pride the cheek and brighten the eye;—all these are substantive tributaries to an empire's education, and aid us in forming our estimate of its career and destiny.

But more potent than either of the causes we have mentioned, are those external agencies which from time to time arise in the course of events, to stamp a new form and pressure on the world. The sacred isolation of

the Hebrew commonwealth—the schools of Greece—the militocracy of Rome—the advent of the Redeemer—the Mohammedan imposture—feudalism with its blended barbarity and blessing—the Crusades—the invention of Printing—the Reformation,—all these were not only incidents, but POWERS, exerting each of them an appreciable influence upon the character of the nations of mankind. In tracing the history of the Huguenots, therefore, we are not merely following the fortunes of a proscribed people, nor reciting a tale of individual suffering—we are depicting the history of France, we are evolving the subtle cause of that mysterious something which has been, through a long course of years, an element of national disquiet, which has alternately impelled the attack of passion, or furthered the schemes of tyranny, and under which that sunny and beautiful land has groaned in bondage until now.

The doctrines of the Reformation took early root in France. The simultaneous appearance of its confessors in different countries, is one amongst the many collateral proofs of its divine origin. Movements which men originate are local and centralised, arranged in concert, and gathering ripeness from correspondence and sympathy. When God works there is no barrier in geographical boundaries, nor in the absence of intercourse. He drops the truth-seed, and it falls into world-wide furrows. When the hour is ripe—full grown,

heroic, and ready, there springs forth the MAN. Events had long been preparing the way for the mighty change. In the Church, whether through ignorance or faithlessness, pagan ceremonies had been grafted upon the "reasonable service" of the worship; discipline had become rather a source of immorality than a guard to holiness; the traffic in indulgences had shaken the foundations of every social and moral bond; and the masses of the people were irritated at the pretensions of a religion which had its tariff of vice, a price for every crime, and at the rapacity of a priesthood which never said, "It is enough." Former protests against encroachment and error, though crushed by the strong hand of power, were not utterly forgotten. The voices of Claude and Vigilantius yet echoed in the hearts of many; traditions of Albigenian confessors, and of saints in Vaudois valleys, were in numerous homes; the martyr songs of the Lollard and the Hussite lingered—strange and solemn music—in the air. By and by, in cotemporaneous blessing came the revival of learning, and the invention of printing. The common mind, waking from its long, deep slumber, felt itself hungry after knowledge, and more than three thousand works were given to appease its appetite in the course of seventy years. The sixteenth century dawned upon nations in uneasiness and apprehension. Kings, warriors, statesmen, scholars, people, all seemed to move in a cloud of fear, or under a sense of mystery

as if haunted by a presentiment of change. Everything was hushed into a very agony of pause, as nature holds her breath before the crash of the thunder. Men grew strangely bold and outspoken. Reuchlin vindicated the claims of science against the barbarous teaching of the times. Ulrich von Hütten, who could fight for truth if he had not felt its power, flung down the gage of battle with all the knightly pride of chivalry. Erasmus, the clear-headed and brilliant coward, lampooned monks and doctors, until cardinals, and even the pope himself, joined in the common laughter of the world. All was ready, — the forerunners had fulfilled their mission, and the Reformation came.

IN 1517, Tetzel, the indulgence-pedler, very unwittingly forced Luther into the van of the battle, and the ninety-five propositions were posted on the cathedral at Wittenberg. In 1518, Bernardin Samson, another craftsman in the sorry trade, performed in Switzerland the same kind office for Ulrich Zwingli; and in 1521, while Luther was marching to the Diet of Worms, Lefevre, in a green old age, and Farel, in a generous youth, proclaimed the new evangel in the streets and temples of one of the cities of France. The city of Meaux was the first to receive the new doctrine, and Briçonnet, its bishop, a sincere protester against error — though not made of the stern stuff which goes to the composition of heroes—published and circulated widely an edition of the four gospels in the French language. So rapid was the spread of the truth, so notable the amendment in morals throughout the provinces which were pervaded by it, so loud were the complaints among the monks and priests, of lessened credit and diminished income, that the dignitaries both of Church and State became alarmed and anxious; and as the readiest way of put-

ting the testimony to silence, they began to proscribe and imprison the witnesses.

The doctors of the Sorbonne had already declared Luther's doctrine to be blasphemous and insolent, "such as should be answered less by argument than by fire and sword." The parliament, though no friend to monkish rule, could not understand why, when people were satisfied with one form of government, they should want two forms of religion. The court, remembering that the pope had an army at his back which would have astonished St Peter not a little, even in his most martial moments, and wishful to secure the aid of that army in the wars of Italy, favoured the spirit of persecution. Louisa of Savoy, queen-regent in the absence of her son, who was then a prisoner at Madrid, asked the Sorbonne, in 1523, "by what means could the damnable doctrines of Luther be soonest extirpated from the most Christian kingdom;" and the clergy, not to be outdone in zeal, held councils, at which cardinals and archbishops presided, in which they accused the reformer of "execrable conspiracy," exhorted the king "to crush the viper's doctrines," and proposed to visit yielding heretics with penance and prison, and to hand over obstinate ones to the tender mercies of the public executioner.

This combination of purpose soon resulted in acts of atrocity and blood. The names of Leclerc, Pavanes, and the illustrious Louis de Berquin, deserve to be

handed down to posterity as the proto-martyrs of the Reformation in France. In 1535 there was a solemn procession through the streets of Paris. Never had such a pomp of relics been paraded before the awe-struck faithful. The veritable head of St Louis, a bit of the true cross, one of the nails thereof, the real crown of thorns, and the actual spear-head which had pierced the body of the Saviour—all were exhibited to an innumerable crowd of people, who swarmed upon the house-tops, and sat perched upon every available balcony or abutment of stone. The shrine of St Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, was carried very appropriately by the corporation of butchers, who had prepared themselves for the occasion by a fast of several days' duration. Cardinals and archbishops abounded, until the street was radiant with copes, and robes, and mitres, like a field of the cloth of gold. In the midst of the procession came the king, bareheaded, as became a dutiful son of the Church, and carrying a lighted taper, for the blessed sun was not sufficient, or its light was too pure and kind. High mass was celebrated, and then came the choicest spectacle of the raree-show. Six Lutherans were burned. With their tongues cut out, lest their utterances of dying heroism should palsy the arm of the hangman, or affect the convictions of the crowd, a moveable gallows was erected, which alternately rose and fell—now plunging them into the fire, and now withdrawing them for a

brief space from the flame, until, by the slow torture, they were entirely consumed. Such was the villanous punishment of the estrapade—a refinement of cruelty which Heliogabalus might have envied, and which even the Spanish Inquisition had failed to invent for its Jewish and Saracen martyrdoms. The executions were purposely delayed until Francis was returning to the Louvre. He gazed upon his dying subjects, butchered for no crime, and the eyes of ecclesiastical and courtly tigers in his train, glared with savage gladness at the sight of Lutheran agony.

Shortly after came the yet more horrible butcheries of Mérindol and Cabrières, by which the Vaudois of Provence, a whole race of the most estimable and industrious inhabitants of France, were exterminated because of their religion. Men, women, and children were slain in indiscriminate massacre, some in the frenzy of passion, others, more inexcusably, after a show of trial, and therefore in cold blood. Their cities were razed to the ground, their country turned into a desert, and the murderers went to their work of carnage with the priests' baptism on their swords, and were rewarded for its completion by the prayers and blessings of the clergy.

The usual results of persecution followed. In the fine old classical fable, the dragon's teeth were sown in the field, and the startling harvest was a host of armed men. It is a natural tendency of persecution to outwit

itself. A voice is hushed for the while, but eloquent though it may have been in its life, there issues from the sepulchre of the slain witness more audible and influencing oratory. A community is broken up, and companies of worshippers are scattered in many lands of exile; but though there be dispersion of families, unlike the banishment of Babel, there is no confusion of tongues; each in his far-off wandering becomes a centre of truth and blessing, until "their sound has gone forth through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

There is something in the inner consciousness of a religious man which assures him that it must be so. You may practise on a corpse without let or hindrance. Wrap it in grave clothes, it will not complain; perpetrate indignities upon it, it will be sealed in silence; let it down into the cold earth, no rebuke will protest against its burial. But life is a more intractable thing. With a touch of the old Puritan humour, it abides not the imposition of hands; it *will* move at liberty and speak with freedom. Cast among barbarous peoples, where men babble in strange speech around him, the man who has divine life in his soul will somehow make it felt; the joy of his bounding spirit will speak and sparkle through the eye, if it cannot vibrate on the tongue; the new song *will* thrill from the lips, though there be only the echoes to answer it; how much more when there is the neighbourhood of sensitive and impressible men!

Hence, you will not wonder that it happened to the Reformed as it happened to the Israelites of old, "The more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew." The progress of the Reformation during the closing years of the reign of Francis I. and during that of his son and successor, Henry II., was rapid and continual. Several large provinces declared for the new doctrines; and "some of the most considerable cities in the kingdom,—Bourges, Orleans, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, and 'the brave' Rochelle,—were peopled with the Reformed." It was calculated that, in a few years, they amounted to nearly one-sixth of the entire population, and almost all classes ranged beneath the Reformation banner. The provincial nobles were nearly all secretly inclined to it. Merchants who travelled into other countries witnessed the development, under its influence, of industrial progress, and the display of the commercial virtues, and brought home impressions in its favour. The people of the *tiers-état*, who had received a literary education, perceived its intellectual superiority, and on that account were prejudiced to give it welcome. "Especially," says Florimond de Reimond, a Roman Catholic writer, with a simplicity that is amusing, but with an ingenuousness that does him credit,—“Especially painters, watchmakers, goldsmiths, image-makers, booksellers, printers, and others, who in their crafts *have any nobleness of mind*, were most easily surprised.”

There were, indeed, scarcely any classes which collectively adhered to Rome, except the higher ecclesiastics, the nobles of the court, and the fanatic and licentious mob of the good city of Paris. This was the purest and most flourishing era of the Reformation in France. They of the Religion, as they were afterwards called, meddled not with the diplomacy of cabinets, with the intrigues of faction, nor with the feuds of the rival houses of the realm. "Being reviled, they reviled not again ; being persecuted, they threatened not, but committed themselves to Him who judgeth righteously," and the record of their constancy and triumph is on high.

THE Reformation in France may be considered as having been fully established at the time of the first Synod. This was held at Paris in 1559. From this assembly, to which eleven churches sent deputies, were issued the "Confession of Faith" and the "Articles of Discipline," which, with little alteration, were handed down as the doctrinal and ecclesiastical standards of the Protestants of France.

The reign of Henry II. was mainly distinguishable for the Edict of Chateaubriand, which made heresy a civil as well as an ecclesiastical offence, and for the massacre of the Rue St Jacques, and the arrest and sentence of the celebrated Anne Dubourg. The martyrdom of this distinguished and pious councillor, which the king's death by the lance of Montgomery did not suspend, inspired many with the persuasion that the faith professed by such a man could not be a bad one, "melted the students of the colleges into tears," and more damage accrued to Rome from that solitary martyr-pile than from the labours of a hundred ministers, with all their sermons.

Meanwhile the affairs of the kingdom were daily involved in newer and more embarrassing complications. The new king, Francis II., the husband of the unhappy Mary Stuart, was imbecile in mind, and had a sickly constitution of body. The factions of the realm, which had been partially organised in the preceding reign, practised upon his youth and feebleness, that he might aid them in their struggles for power. There were at this time three notable factions in the field, and it may be well for a moment to suspend our interest in the narrative, that the *dramatis personæ* may appear upon the scene.

The leaders of the various parties were all remarkable men. The real heads of the Catholic party were the two celebrated brothers of the house of Guise. Claude de Lorraine, the ancestor of the family, came to seek his fortune in France "with a staff in his hand, and one servant behind him;" but his immediate descendants were all in high places, and wielded, some of them, a more than regal power. Francis, Duke of Guise, the eldest son, was a skilful and high-spirited soldier, whose trusty blade had carved its way to renown in many a well-fought field. He possessed a sort of barbaric generosity, but was irascible, unscrupulous, and cruel. He pretended to no learning save in martial tactics, and held his religion as a sort of profitless entail, which, with his name, he had inherited from his father. "Look," said he to his brother, after the mas-

sacre at Vassy, "at the titles of these Huguenot books." "No great harm in that," replied the clerkly cardinal; "that is the Bible." "The Bible!" rejoined the Duke, in extreme surprise; "how can that be? This book was only printed last year, and you say the Bible is fifteen hundred years old." Knowing little, and caring less, about religious controversies, a man of ceaseless energy and ready sword, he was the strong hand which the crafty head of the cardinal wielded at his will.

His brother, Charles of Lorraine, Cardinal and Archbishop of Rheims, of courtly address and pleasing elocution, sagacious in foresight, and skilful in intrigue, was the soul of all the projects which, ostensibly for the honour of the Holy Church, were really for the advancement of the fortunes of the House of Lorraine. He was a man of no personal valour, but influential enough to make a jest of his own cowardice. The pope of that time—for, in spite of presumed infallibility, popes and cardinals do not always see eye to eye—was uneasy at his ambition, and was accustomed to call him "the pope on the other side the mountains;" and, in fact, it was the dream of his restless life to see the crown of France upon his brother's brow, and the tiara of the supreme pontificate encircling his own.

The chiefs of the Politiques, as they were called, the middle party in the state, who counselled mutual concession and forbearance, were the Chancellor l'Hôpital

and the Constable de Montmorency. The chancellor was one of those statesmen of whom France has reason to be proud. A man of stern integrity, and of high principle, he worked his way through various offices of trust into one of the highest positions in the Parliament of Paris. As superintendent of the royal finances, by his good management of affairs, and by his inflexible resistance to the rapacity of court favourites, he husbanded the national resources, and replenished the exhausted treasury. Wise in counsel, tolerant in spirit, and with views broader than his age, he was the unfailing advocate of religious freedom. For his efforts in this behalf, he was ultimately deprived of his seals, and ran in danger of being included in the massacre of St Bartholomew. So great was his peril, that the Queen-mother sent a troop of horse with express orders to save him. When they told him that those who made out the list of proscription had forgiven him, "I was not aware," was his sublime reply, "that I had done anything to merit either death or pardon."

The Constable de Montmorency was a rough-hewn valiant knight, rude in speech and blunt in bearing, of an obstinate disposition and of a small soul. He had two articles in his creed,—the first, that he was the first Christian baron—and the second, that the kings whom he served were Catholics. From these he deduced the very substantial corollary that it was his duty to shew no quarter to heresy wherever it was found. Hence it

is almost wonderful that he should have allied himself with the Moderates in counsel, but the Chatillons, the chief Huguenot family, were his nephews, and he had a sort of old-fashioned loyalty towards the princes of the blood. The Abbé Brantôme has transmitted to us the particulars of his extraordinary piety; he fasted regularly every Friday, and failed not to repeat his paternosters every morning and every night. It is said, however, that he occasionally interjected some matters which were not in the Rubric. "Go and hang such a man for me; tie that other to a tree; make that one run the gauntlet; set fire to everything all round for a quarter of a league"—and then, with exemplary precision, would begin again just where he had left off, and finish his *aves* and *credos* as if nothing had happened.

The individual whom circumstances rather than merit had thrown into the position of one of the leaders of the Huguenot party, was Antoine de Bourbon, the husband of the heroic Jeanne D'Albert, and, through her, titular King of Navarre. Indolent and vacillating—a mere waif flung upon the wave—a Calvinist preachment or a Romish *auto-da-fè* were equally in his line, and might both rejoice in the honour of his patronising presence. Destitute both of energy and principle, his character shaped itself to the shifting occurrences of each successive day, or to the wayward moods of each successive companion. The purpose of his life, if that may be so called which attained no definiteness, and

resulted in no action, was to exchange his nominal sovereignty for a real one, over any country, and upon any terms. He was one of those whom the words of the poet accurately describe :—

“So fair in show, but, ah ! in act
So over-run with vermin troubles,
The coarse, sharp-corner'd ugly Fact
Of Life collapses all his bubbles ;
Like a clear fountain, his desire
Exults and leaps toward the light ;
In every drop it says ‘Aspire,’
Striving for more ideal height ;
And as the fountain, falling thence,
Crawls baffled through the common gutter,
So, from his bravery's eminence,
He shrinks into the present tense
Unking'd by sensual bread and butter.”

To say that he abjured his faith were to do him too much honour. The pope's legate, the cardinals, the princes of Lorraine, and the Spanish ambassador angled for him as for an enormous gudgeon, and they baited the hook with crowns. Tunis in Africa was suggested as a somewhat desirable sovereignty. Sardinia, which was represented fertile as Arcadia, and wealthy as Aladdin's cave, might be had on easy terms. Nay, Scotland dangled from the glittering line, and the poor befooled hungerer after royalty put up his conscience to perpetual auction, and, like others of such unworthy traffickers, “did not increase his wealth by its price.” The Reformation owes nothing to Antoine of Bourbon. By him the selfish and the worldly were introduced into its

claims, and, shorn of its spiritual strength, it dwindled in after-reigns into a politico-religious partisanship, linking its high destinies with the personal ambitions of the rufflers of the camp and court, a menial at the levée of ministers, a sycophant in the audience-rooms of kings. Shame on thee, Antoine of Navarre! renegade and companion of persecutors! the *likeness* of a kingly crown is decoration enough for a puppet-head like thine. Pass quickly out of sight! for we are longing to look upon a MAN.

Behold him! Of ordinary stature, his limbs well proportioned, his countenance calm and tranquil, and with a lambent glory resting on it, as if he had come recently from some Pisgah of divine communion—his voice agreeable and kindly, though, like Moses, slow of speech—his complexion good, betokening purity amid courtly licentiousness, and temperance in an age of excesses—his bearing dignified and graceful—a skilful captain, an illustrious statesman, magnanimous in good fortune, unruffled in disaster—a patriot whom no ingratitude could alienate—a believer whose humble piety probed its own failings to the quick, but flung the mantle of its charity over the errors of others—Behold a MAN! That is Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, the military hero of the Reformation, whose only faults seem to have been excessive virtues—who was irresolute in battle, because too loyal to his king—who was lacking in sagacity, because, his own heart all

transparent, he could scarcely realise the perfidy of others—Gaspard de Coligny, who lived a saint—Gaspard de Coligny, who died a martyr—one of the best, if not the greatest of Frenchmen. France engraves upon her muster-roll of worthies no braver or more stainless name.

Whilst the rival leaders were contending for power, another influence, which all by turns feared and courted, was that of the queen-mother, the many-sided Catharine de Medicis. It is humiliating to our common nature to dwell upon the portraiture which, if history says sooth, must be drawn of this remarkable woman. Her character is a study. Remorseless without cruelty, and sensual without passion—a diplomatist without principle, and a dreamer without faith—a wife without affection, and a mother without feeling—we look in vain for her parallel. She stands “grand and gloomy, in the solitude of her own originality.” See her in her oratory! devouter Catholic never told his beads. See her in the cabinet of Ruggieri the astrologer! never glared fiercer eye into Elfland’s glamour and mystery—never were philter and potion (alas! not all for healing) mixed with firmer hand. See her in the council-room! royal caprice yielded to her commanding will; soldiers faltered beneath her falcon glance who never cowered from sheen of spears, nor blenched at flashing steel; and hoary-headed statesmen who had made politics their study, confessed that she outmatched

them in her cool and crafty wisdom. See her in disaster! more philosophical resignation never mastered suffering; braver heroism never bared its breast to storm. Strange contradictions are presented by her, which the uninitiated cannot possibly unravel. Power was her early and her life-long idol, but when within her grasp she let it pass away, enamoured rather of the intrigue than of the possession; a mighty huntress, who flung the game in largess to her followers, finding her own royal satisfactions in the excitement of the chase. Of scanty sensibilities, and without natural affection, there were times when she laboured to make young lives happy—episodes in her romantic life, during which the woman's nature leaped into the day. Toiling constantly for the advancement of her sons, she shed no tear at their departure, and sat intriguing in her cabinet, while an old blind bishop and two aged domestics were the only mourners who followed her son Francis to the tomb. Sceptical enough to disbelieve in immortality, she was prudent enough to provide, as she imagined, for any contingency; hence she had her penances to purchase heaven, and her magic to propitiate hell. Queenly in her bearing, she graced the masque or revel, smiling in cosmetics and perfumes—but Vicenza daggers glittered in her boudoir, and she culled for those who crossed her schemes flowers of most exquisite fragrance, but their odour was death. Such was Catharine de Medicis, the sceptred sorceress

of Italia's land, for whom there beats no pulse of tenderness, around whose name no clinging memories throng, on whom we gaze with a sort of constrained and awful admiration, as upon an embodiment of power,—but power cold, crafty, passionless, cruel—the power of the serpent, which cannot fail to leave impressions on the mind, but impressions of basilisk eye, and iron fang, and deadly gripe, and poisonous trail.

The first false step of the Protestants was the enterprise known as the conspiracy of Amboise. Exasperated by petty persecutions, and goaded by the remembrance of their wrongs, they plotted to expel the Guises from the land, and to restore the real government to the king. Terrible was the vengeance which succeeded. Twelve hundred conspirators were put to death without investigation or trial, until the Loire was choked with the corpses of those who had been flung into its waters to drown. The immediate results of this ill-concerted scheme were to establish the Duke of Guise as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, with a powerful army at his bidding, and to enable the cardinal to fulminate an edict against heresy, by which it might be judged and doomed at an Episcopal tribunal. This roused the Huguenots to passion, and in some parts of the provinces to arms.

Then followed the Fontainebleau assembly, at which, in presence of the king and nobles, Coligny presented the petition of the Reformed, asking for the free perform-

ance of Protestant worship. "Your petition bears no signature," said Francis. "True, sire," was the admiral's reply; "but if you will allow us to meet for the purpose, I will undertake, *in one day*, to obtain fifty thousand signatures in Normandy alone." Such an assertion, from such lips, was no unholy gasconade, but indicated a threatening and deep reality of danger. As the result of the debates which followed, as no one seemed able to grasp the great idea of liberty of conscience, it was agreed that a national council should be summoned to determine upon the religious faith of France. The princes of Lorraine had prepared for this convocation arguments that were somewhat peculiar. One was the assassination of the princes of Bourbon; the other was the banishment of every one who refused to sign a creed of the cardinal's devising—"a creed," says Jean de Serres, "that no man of the religion would have either approved or signed for a thousand lives." The first of these projects failed from some touch of humanness or cowardice which arrested the kingly dagger; the second failed because a pale horse, in the meanwhile, stood before the palace gate, and the rider passed the warders without challenge, and summoned the young king to give account at a higher tribunal. The death of Francis was, in fact, a revolution. For awhile the court became Calvinist, feasting in Mid-Lent upon all the delicacies of the season, making sport of images and indulgences, of the worship of the saints, and of the

authority of the pope. Another intrigue, however, restored the Guises to power, and their return was marked by the edict of 1561, which shewed at once the animosity and the caution of the princes of Lorraine. The private worship of the Huguenots was sanctioned, but their public celebrations were forbidden, and they were promised a national council to adjust all differences of religion. This council met in the convent of Poissy, on the 9th of the following September. The boy-king, Charles IX., sat upon the throne. Six cardinals, with him of Lorraine at their head, and doctors, whose name was Legion, appeared as the Catholic champions. Twelve ministers and twenty-two deputies from the Calvinistic churches were, by and by, admitted, rather as culprits than as disputants. The Genevese prized the safety of Calvin so highly, that they required securities for his protection, in the absence of which, the more courtly and eloquent Beza appeared in his stead. The discussion, like all others, failed utterly of the purpose which it was intended to effect. A dispute arose about the laws of the combat, and about the very issue that was put upon its trial. What were to be the questions of debate? "The whole round of the doctrines," said the Huguenots. "The authority of the Church, and the Real Presence in the sacrament," said the creatures of the cardinal. What was to be the test? "Holy Scripture as interpreted by tradition, and by the Fathers and Councils," said the followers of the Papacy. "Holy Scripture alone," was

the sturdy reply of the Reformed. Who are to adjudge the victory? "The civil government," said Beza and his friends. "The Church authorities," was the Romanist rejoinder. Why dispute at all when all the conditions of controversy seem so hopelessly involved? Both parties agree in the answer—"Not to overcome our antagonists, but to encourage our friends." We shall not wonder, after this, that the colloquy at Poissy came to a speedy and resultless conclusion. The Huguenots were at this time estimated by the chancellor to amount to one-fourth of the population, and though such calculations are of necessity uncertain, it is evident that they were no obscure sectaries, but a compact and powerful body, who could demand privilege in worship and redress from wrong.* The Guises, however, were incessant in their hostility; and after the secession of the frivolous Antoine of Navarre, who, with the proverbial animosity of the renegade, was rancorous in his hatred of his former friends, they sought aid for the extirpation of heresy from the forces of Spain. As the Duke of Guise was marching to Paris in support of this enterprise, he heard the bells of the little town of Vassy, in the province of Champagne, summoning the faithful to their prayers. With an oath, he exclaimed, "They shall soon Huguenotize in a very different manner," and he ordered them to be attacked. Unarmed as they were, they could only

* An edict was passed in January 1562, which permitted them to meet for worship without the walls of any city of France.

defend themselves with stones. It is said that one of these stones struck the Duke upon the face, and that, in his anger, he let loose upon them all the fury of his armed retainers. Sixty were left dead upon the spot, and two hundred more were severely, some mortally, wounded. The news of this onslaught was carried speedily to Paris, and the Duke on his entry had a triumphal ovation from the populace, whom the priests had taught to regard him as the Judas Maccabæus of his country—the heaven-sent and heaven-strengthened defender of their endangered faith. Encouraged by his success, he seized upon the persons of the queen-mother and her son, and kept them in strict, but in gentle captivity. Then the whole land was roused. The butchery of those unarmed worshippers was the red rain which made the battle-harvest grow. Fearfully was the slaughter of those slain witnesses avenged ; for from the massacre at Vassy, and from the seizure of the king, may be dated the commencement of the sad wars of religion ; and of all wars there are none so fierce and so terrible as those of intestine strife, when fanaticism sounds the clarion, and nerves the frantic hand.

“ When rival nations, great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Rush in ranks at war's alarms,
And feel a temporary hate ;
The hostile storms but rage awhile,
And the tired contest ends ;
But oh ! how hard to reconcile
The foes that once were friends.”

It is not our province to dwell largely upon the sad period which followed, nor to enter here into the vexed question as to how far the use of the sword is, under any circumstances, defensible for the maintenance of religion. War is a terrible scourge, one of the direst and most appalling of the effects of sin. There is no more Christianity in the consecration of banners than there is in the baptism of bells—they who battle for the glory of renown, or for the lust of dominion—*sin*. The conqueror, who fights for conquest merely, is but a butcher on a grander scale: but when it becomes a question of life and liberty, of hearthstone and altar, of babes and home, it is a somewhat different matter; and one can hardly fancy a sublimer sight than “the eternal cross, red with the martyr’s blood, and radiant with the pilgrim’s hope, high in the van of men determined to be free;” though even in the sternest necessity that can compel to arms, so deceitful is the human heart, so easily can it mistake pride for patriotism, and baptize the greed of glory with the inspirations of religion, that we must ever feel that the camp should not

be the chosen school for godliness, and that they have deepest need to claim a Saviour's intercession who have to meet their Maker with sword-hilt stained with slaughter, and with the hands uplifted in the dying litany, all crimsoned with a brother's blood. The sentiments of Agrippa d'Aubigné, an historian of the sixteenth century, (whose name has again become illustrious in the field of historic literature in the person of Dr Merle d'Aubigné, his lineal descendant,) are worthy of being mentioned here. "It is ever worthy of note, that whenever the Reformed were put to death under the form of justice, however unjust and cruel the proceedings, they presented their necks, and never made use of their hands. But when public authority and the magistrates, tired of kindling the piles, had flung the knife into the hands of the mob, and by the tumults and wholesale massacres of France had deprived justice of her venerable countenance, and neighbour murdered neighbour by sound of trumpet and by beat of drum, who could forbid these unhappy men opposing force to force, and sword to sword, and catching the contagion of a just resentment from a resentment destitute of all justice? Let foreign nations decide which party has the guilt of civil war branded on their forehead."

Both parties asked for aid from other nations in the struggle. Spearmen from Spain, and soldiers from Italy, obeyed the summons of the pontiff to the new crusade; Germans and English enrolled for the assist-

ance of the Huguenots ; and the Swiss, with mercenary impartiality, stood ready for the cause which had the longest purse and readiest pay. Both sides put forth manifestoes, both professed to be moved with zeal for the glory of God, and both swore fealty to their lawful sovereign. At the commencement of hostilities the Huguenots gained some advantages, but they wasted their time in useless negotiation while their adversaries acted with vigour. They laboured, indeed, under the misfortune of being led by the Prince of Condé, who, though a brave soldier, was of the blood-royal of France, and might one day, if he did not commit himself too far, be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. It is a grievous thing, in a struggle for principle, to be cursed with a half-hearted commander. Fancy the sturdy Puritans of our own country, led to battle by some gay Duke of Monmouth, instead of "trusting in God, and keeping their powder dry," at the bidding of Ireton and Cromwell !

The death of Antoine of Navarre, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Rouen, the fall of Marshal St André on the field of Dreux, and the assassination of the Duke of Guise, which to the soured temper of the homicide seemed but a legitimate act of reprisal, were the occasions of that suspension of hostilities which resulted in the hollow treaty of Amboise. It satisfied neither party, and was at best only an armed truce, during which frightful enormities were committed on

both sides. War speedily broke out again, and the Catholics triumphed on the plains of St Denis, though the Constable de Montmorency, the last of the triumvirs, died of a wound which he had received upon the field. Again, during the progress of the conflict, did the Huguenots appear to prevail; and again did the matchless cunning of the queen-mother triumph over the unstable leader, and he signed the peace of Longjumeau, "which," says Mezeray, "left his party at the mercy of their enemies, with no other security than the word of an Italian woman." The treaty never existed, save on paper; the foreign mercenaries were still retained in the kingdom; the pulpits resounded with the doctrine that no faith should be kept with heretics; the streets of the cities were strewed with the corpses of the Huguenots, ten thousand of whom, in three months of treaty, were barbarously slain. The officer of the Prince de Condé, while carrying the terms of peace, was arrested and beheaded, in defiance of the king's safe-conduct; and the prince and the admiral, fleeing from an enemy whom no ties could restrain, nor oaths could bind, flung themselves into the city of Rochelle. Thither came the heroic Queen of Navarre with an army of four thousand men; thither flocked also the most renowned captains of the party; so that, at the commencement of the third war of religion, the Huguenots had at command a more considerable force than ever, and Coligny repeated the aphorism of The-

mistocles—"My friends, we should have perished, if we had not been ruined." On the bloody fields of Jarnac and Montcontour, where the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., won his first spurs of fame, their ruin seemed to be complete; for their army was well-nigh exterminated, and of their leaders, the Prince of Condé and D'Andelot, the brother of Coligny, were slain; and the admiral himself was carried, weary and wounded, from the field. But nothing could daunt the spirit of this brave soldier, and while the victors were quaffing their nectar of triumph, and carousing in the flush of victory, he appeared before the gates of Paris at the head of a still stronger and better disciplined army. Again peace was concluded, and the Reformed in appearance obtained more favourable terms. The leaders came to Paris, and were received with fair show of amity by the king and court; but it was only a brief interval of repose, soon to be succeeded by dismay and confusion, for even then the dark Italian and the fanatic Spaniard were brooding over the fierce tragedy to follow.

For the honour of humanity, let us pass rapidly over the massacre of St Bartholomew—that premeditated and most infamous atrocity. On the 24th August 1572, at the noon of night, fit time for deeds of blood, the queen-mother and her two guilty sons were shivering in all the timidity of cruelty in the royal chamber. They maintained a sullen silence, for conscience had

made cowards of them all. As they looked out uneasily into the oppressed and solitary night, a pistol shot was heard. Remorse seized upon the irresolute monarch, and he issued orders to arrest the tragedy. It was too late, for the royal tigress at his side, anticipating that his purpose might waver, had already commanded the signal, and even as they spoke the bell of St Germain aux Auxerrois tolled, heavy and dooming, through the darkness. Forth issued the courtly butchers to their work of blood. At the onset the brave old admiral was massacred, the Huguenots in the Louvre were despatched by halberdiers, with the court ladies looking on. Armed men, shouting "For God and the king," traversed the streets, and forced the dwellings of the heretics. Sixty thousand assassins, wielding all the weapons of the brigand and the soldier, ran about on all sides, murdering, without distinction of sex or age, or suffering, all of the ill-fated creed; the air was laden with a tumult of sounds, in which the roar of arquebus and the crash of hatchet mingled with blaspheming taunt and dying groan.

"For hideously, mid rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter."

The populace, already inflamed by the sight of blood, followed in the track of slaughter, mutilating the corpses, and dragging them through the kennels in derision. The leaders, the Dukes of Guise, Nevers,

and Montpensier, riding fiercely from street to street, like the demons of the storm, roused the passion into frenzy by their cries—"Kill, kill! Blood-letting is good in August. By the king's command. Death to the Huguenot! Kill!" On sped the murder, until city and palace were gorged. Men forgot their manhood, and women their tenderness. In worse than Circean transformation, the human was turned into the brutal, and there prowled about the streets a race of ghouls and vampires, consumed with an appetite for blood. The roads were almost impassable from the corpses of men, women, and children—a new and appalling barricade; "The earth was covered thick with other clay, which her own clay did cover." Paris became one vast Red Sea, whose blood-waves had no reflux tide. The sun of that blessed Sabbath shone with its clear kind light upon thousands of dishonoured and desolate homes; and the air, which should have been hushed from sound until the psalm of devotion woke it, carried upon its startled billows the yells of fierce blasphemers, flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits, like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The massacre was renewed in the provinces; for seven long days Paris was a scene of pillage; fifteen thousand in the capital, and one hundred thousand throughout the whole of France, are supposed to have

perished, many by the edge of the sword, and many more by the protracted perils of flight and of famine.

Consider all the circumstances of St Bartholomew's massacre ;—the confederacy which plotted it in secret ; the complicity of the king and court ;—the snares laid for the feet of the Huguenots ; the solemn oaths of safety under whose attestation they were allured to Paris ; the kisses by which, like the Redeemer whom they honoured, they were betrayed to ruin ; “the funeral meats which coldly furnished forth the marriage tables ;” the dagger of wholesale murder, whetted upon the broken tables of the Decalogue, and put by priests and nobles into the hands of a maddened crowd ; the long continuance of the carnage—the original as it was of the Reign of Terror ; and, lastly, the uplifting of red hands in thanksgiving, the ringing of joy-bells at Madrid and Rome, and the baptism of all this horrible butchery by the insulted name of religion ;—and we cannot avoid the conclusion that nothing in the annals of human history involves such flagrant violations both of earthly and heavenly law—that there is a combination of atrocious elements about it for which we look elsewhere in vain, and that it stands in unapproachable turpitude, the crime without a shadow and without a parallel.

We dwell upon the wars of religion and the tragedy of St Bartholomew, not to keep alive olden animosities, but to induce our thankfulness that we live in kindlier

times ; to inspire a more reverent appreciation of the priceless heritage of religious freedom ; and not least, to impress upon our hearts the truth that banded armies and battle's stern array are no meet missionaries of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Oh, never, we may boldly say it, never did the cruelties of war, nor the tortures of tyranny, advance one iota the cause of our holy religion. The Crusader's lance reclaimed no Saracen from his error. The scimitar of the Moslem might establish a military domination, but the fear of it wrought no spiritual change. Covenanters still gathered in the dark ravine, and raised the perilous psalm, though the sleuth-hound tracked them through the wild wood, and some whom the soldiers of Claverhouse had slaughtered were missing from each successive assembly. With the torture and the stake in prospect, the coward lip might falter, and the recreant hand might sign the recantation, but the heart would be Protestant still. Christianity is a spiritual kingdom, and no carnal weapons glitter in her armoury. To her zealous but mistaken friends who would do battle for her, she addresses the rebuke of her Master, "Put up thy sword into its sheath again, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A beautiful and healing presence ! she comes to soothe, not to irritate—to unite, not to estrange ; and, spurning adventitious aids, and disdaining to use common methods of aggrandisement, she relies for triumph upon her own kingly truth, and upon that Divine

Spirit who has promised to give it power. Oh, believe me, Christianity forges no fetters for conscience; she rejoices not, but shudders at the stream of blood! While, on the one hand, it were insult to the sincerity of faith to proffer boon in requital for devotion; on the other, it were foul felony of the crown-rights of man to rob even a beggar of a single motive for his worship, and that were an unworthy espousal, which would wed the destiny of heaven to the intrigues of earth, and "hang the tatters of a political piety upon the cross of an insulted Saviour."

Alas! that in our fallen nature, there should be such a strange disposition to make persecution coeval with power. Calvin raised no voice in the Genevan Council against the sentence which adjudged Servetus to the stake. The fanatic Roundhead, in his day of power, searching the baronial hall for hidden cope and missal, was, to the full, as brutal and unlovely, and because he had clearer light, more criminal than was the roystering cavalier. The Pilgrim Fathers, men honoured for conscience' sake now as much as they were despised a century ago, were not long established in their Goshen home, when, remindless of their own sharp discipline, they drove out the Quakers into the Egypt of the wilderness beyond. The fact is, that persecution generates persecution, the lash and the fetters debase as well as agonise the races of the captive and the slave. Hence, wars have been waged,

cities sacked, property pillaged, lives massacred, all in the judgment of the perpetrators of the crimes "for the glory of God." Hence, history presents us with so many lustrations of blood offered at the shrine of some pagan Nemesis in the sacred name of liberty. Hence, also, there is yet among the marvellous inconsistencies of the world, a nation with the cry of freedom ever on its lips, defiant of all others in its rude and quarrelsome independence, and at its feet, with heart all wildly beating, and eye all dim with tears, there crouches an imploring sufferer, type of thousands like him, whose only crime is colour, who dare not lift himself up openly and in the face of the sun, and say, "I myself also am a MAN."

While, however, we admit this tendency, and watch over its beginnings in ourselves—while we confess that in the sad wars of religion there were Michelades as well as Dragonades, Huguenot reprisals as well as Romanist massacres, we ought not to omit to notice one essential difference which should be ever kept in mind: when Protestants persecute, they persecute of their own "malice aforethought," and in direct opposition to the rescripts of their holy religion—in the other system, persecution is no exotic growth, but springs indigenous and luxuriant from the system itself. Persecution, in the one case, is by Protestants, not of Protestantism; in the other case, it is not so much by Romanists, as of Popery. I rejoice to believe that there are multi-

tudes of high-hearted and kindly Roman Catholics who are men, patriots, aye, and Christians too, in spite of their teachings in error. And I am proud of my country and of my humanity, when, in the breach and in the battle, on the summit of Barossa or in the trenches at Sebastopol, I see nationality triumph over ultramontaniam, and the inspiration of patriotism extinguish the narrowness of creed. But if the spirit of persecution be not in the heart of the Catholic, it is in the *book* of Popery, in the decretal, in the decision of the council, in the fulmination of the Pope. The Church of Rome can only save her charity at the expense of her consistency. Let her erase the “*Semper eadem*” which flaunts upon her banner. There is an antiquated claim of infallibility too put forward on her behalf sometimes, which she had better leave behind her altogether. But she cannot change. When she erases penal statutes from her registers, and coercion and treachery from her creed—when we see her tolerant in the countries where she lords it in ascendancy, as she would fain have us think her in our own, where, thank God, she yet only struggles for the mastery—when she no longer contemplates haughty and insolent aggression—when lady tract-distributors are no longer incarcerated, and when Madiaais are free—when papal protection comes not in the form of grape-shot over Tahitian women—when metallic arguments are no longer threatened from French corvettes against King

George of Tonga—when all these marvels come to pass (and when they do, there's hope of the millennium),—then, possibly, we may listen more willingly to the advances of Popery; but until then, it is the duty of us all—while careful to preserve our own charity, wanting neither gags, nor gibbets, nor penalties, nor prisons, discarding all the questionable modes in which the earth has sometimes helped the woman, allowing the fullest liberty to hold and to diffuse opinion, robbing of no civil right, and asking for no penal bond—to take our stand, as did our brave and pious fathers, by the precious altars of our faith, and to cry in the homesteads of our youth, and in the temples of our God, “All kindness to our Romanist fellow-subjects, but a barred door to Popery, and NO PEACE WITH ROME.”

Horrible as was the massacre of St Bartholomew, the subsequent celebrations of it were yet more revolting. Rome and Madrid were intoxicated with joy. Pope Gregory and his cardinals went to church, amid the jubilee of citizens, and the booming of cannon, to render God thanksgiving for the destruction of the Church's enemies. A medal was struck to commemorate the event to the faithful, and a picture of the massacre embellished the walls of the Vatican. Protestant Europe was struck with astonishment and horror. Germany began to hold the name of Frenchmen in abhorrence. Geneva appointed a day of fasting and

prayer, which continues to this day. Knox, in the Scottish pulpit, denounced vengeance for the deed, with all the boldness of the Hebrew Prophet ; and when the French ambassador made his appearance at the court of Queen Elizabeth, she allowed him to pass without a word of recognition through files of courtiers and ladies clad in the deepest mourning.

Shortly after these events, Charles IX. miserably died, consumed with agonies of remorse, and whether from corrosive sublimate, or from some new and strange malady, with blood oozing out of every pore of his body. Henry III., his brother and successor, was a strange medley of valour and effeminacy, of superstition and licentiousness. His youth of daring was followed by a voluptuous and feeble manhood. He was crafty, cowardly, and cruel. One of the chief actors in St Bartholomew's tragedy, he afterwards caused the assassination of his *confrère* the Duke of Guise, who was poniarded in the royal presence-chamber. When revolt was ripe in his provinces, and treason imperilled his throne, he would break off a council assembled on gravest matters, that he might sigh over the shipwreck of a cargo of parrots, or deplore in secret the illness of some favourite ape. The leaguers hated him, and preached openly regicide and rebellion. The Huguenots distrusted him, and Henry of Navarre routed his armies on the field of Coutras. Gifted with high talents, and of kingly presence, he shrank into the

shadow of a man—a thing of pomatums and essences—the object of his people's hate and scorn. His reign was a continual succession of intrigue and conspiracy between all the parties in the realm ; and in 1589, he fell by the knife of Jacques Clement, who was canonised by the Pope for the murder ; and the Vicar of Christ, seated in full consistory at Rome, dared the blasphemous avowal, that the devotion of this assassin formed no unworthy comparison with the sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer. In Henry III. terminated the “bloody and deceitful” race of Valois, “who did not live out half their days.” Francis I. died unregretted ; Henry II. was killed by the lance of Montgomery ; Francis II. never came of age ; Charles IX. expired in fearful torments ; Henry III. was murdered by a Dominican friar ; The Duke d'Alençon fell a victim to intemperance ; Francis and Henry, successive Dukes of Guise, fell beneath the daggers of assassins. The heads of the persecutors came not to the grave in peace. It is not without an intelligible and solemn purpose, that retribution should thus have dogged the heels of tyranny. Oh, strange and subtle affinity between crime and punishment ! Lacratelle, in his “History of the Wars of Religion,” has accumulated the proofs that nearly all the actors in the massacre of St Bartholomew suffered early and violent deaths. In the earlier persecutions of the Reformed, the clergy instigated the cutting out of the tongues of the victims, to stifle their

utterances of dying heroism. See the sad example followed by the frantic populace against the clergy, two hundred and fifty years afterwards, in the reign of terror! In the time of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Loire was choked with common victims; in the time of Carrier of Nantes, it ran with noble blood! Henry, Duke of Guise, kicked the corpse of Coligny on the day of St Bartholomew, with the exclamation, "Thou shalt spit no more venom." Sixteen years passed over, and the monarch of France, spurning the slain body of this very Duke of Guise, exclaimed, "Now at length I am a king." Charles IX., in the frenzy of cowardice, or in the contagion of slaughter, pointed an arquebus at the flying Huguenots; two hundred years after, Mirabeau brought from the dust of ages that same arquebus, and pointed it at the throne of Louis XVI. Beza spoke truly when he said, "The Church is an anvil upon which many a hammer has been broken." "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and though "the heathen have raged, and the kings of the earth taken counsel together against the Lord, and against His anointed," drifted corpses on the Red Sea shore, Babylon's monarch slain in his own palace, scattered vessels of a proud Armada, wise men taken in their own craftiness, the downfall of a fierce oppressor, the crash of a desolated throne, tiny things working deliverance, the perfection of praise ordained from the lips of babes,—all these have proved that "He that sit-

teth in the heavens doth laugh, the Lord doth have them in derision." The bush in the wilderness has been often set on fire, flames have been kindled on it by countless torches, flaring in incendiary hands; but the torches have gone out in darkness, the incendiaries have perished miserably, and

"The bush itself has mounted higher,
And flourish'd, unconsumed, in fire.

HENRY of Navarre succeeded to the throne, but found himself in the peculiar position of a king who had to conquer his kingdom. The leaguers refused allegiance, and set up as king the old cardinal of Bourbon, under the name of Charles X. The Duke of Mayenne had convened the states-general in Paris, and was ready to be the Catholic champion, and many of the nobles attached to the party of the court, refused to march under a Huguenot leader. The Protestant captains remained faithful and were less exacting. The chief of them, the Duke de Bouillon, de Chatillon, the son of Coligny, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Lanoue, the illustrious Duplessis Mornay, and the still more illustrious Baron de Rosny, afterwards Duke of Sully, rallied round him and inspirited his small army of seven thousand men. At the head of this army, scanty in numbers, but sturdy in valour, and having the new obligation of loyalty added to the old obligation of religion, Henry joined battle with his adversaries and triumphed both at Arques, and on the memorable field of Ivry. A few

days before the latter battle, Schomberg, general of the German auxiliaries, demanded the arrears of payment for his soldiers. The finances fell short, and the matter was reported to the king. In the first moment of impatience, he said, "They are no true men who ask for money on the eve of a battle." Repenting of his ill-timed vivacity, he hastened before he went into action to offer reparation. "General," said he, in the presence and hearing of his troops, "I have offended you; this battle will perhaps be the last of my life. I know your merit and your valour, I pray you pardon and embrace me." Schomberg replied, "It is true, Sire, that your Majesty wounded me the other day; but to-day you have killed me; for I shall feel proud to die on this occasion in your service." In the hour of danger Henry called to mind the instructions of his pious mother. Raising his eyes to heaven, he invoked God to witness the justice of his cause. "But, Lord," said he, "if it has pleased thee to ordain otherwise, or if thou seest that I shall be one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me my life and crown together, and may my blood be the last that shall be shed in this quarrel." Then riding through the ranks cheerful as a lover speeding to his bridal, he thus addressed his soldiers, "You are Frenchmen, I am your King, and yonder is the enemy." Pointing to a white plume which he had fastened in his helmet, "My children," he said, "look well to your ranks. If

the standards fall, rally round my white plume, it will shew you the short road to glory." Animated by strains like these, the soldiers fought like heroes, the leaguers were utterly routed, and the French historians say that this single field of Ivry has covered Henry of Navarre with a wreath of immortal fame. It has indeed immortalised him, though in a manner on which they would hardly calculate, for it has throned his memory in the clarion stanzas of Macaulay's undying song :—

" Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears :
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land,
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand.
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest ;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high :
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line a deafening shout, ' God save our Lord the King.'
An' if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray ;
Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmit of Navarre.

* * * * *

A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre :
 Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein,
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale.
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

* * * * * * *

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight,
 And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white;
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
 Up with it high : unfurl it wide ; that all the host may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church
 such woe ;

Then on the ground while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
 Fling the red shreds—a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

“Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho ! Philip send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
 Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;
 Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night :
 For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the brave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise and valour of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are,
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !”

After this spirit-stirring eulogy, it may seem rather an anti-climax to question whether the cause of the Huguenots has, in the long run, been furthered or damaged by the patronage of Henry of Navarre. Indeed, it was in many respects a grievous misfortune to the interests of Protestantism in France that it was allied for so many years to the fortunes of the house of Bourbon. It was deserted and betrayed by them all.

Anthony of Navarre forsook it in hope of a sovereignty; his brother, Louis of Condé, for the chance of becoming lieutenant-general; the younger Condé, to save his life on St Bartholomew; Henry IV., not content with one apostasy, was recreant twice, first for the preservation of his life, and then for the preservation of his crown; and the three following Bourbons "persecuted this way unto the death." Surely, if they of the Reformed had been docile scholars, apt to learn the lessons of experience and wisdom, they would have profited earlier by the admonition, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." The abjuration of Protestantism by Henry IV. has found some earnest and zealous defenders. It is said, that by adhering to the Reformed Church, he would have prolonged war, dismembered France, been a king without a crown and without a kingdom, abdicated in favour of the Guise, and delivered up the defenceless Huguenots to the blind fury of the Leaguers and their party. On the other hand, by returning to the Romish communion, he would have restored peace, secured toleration, established an empire, and transmitted a dynasty. With what reason, say they, in the prospect of such consequences, could he persist in the maintenance of a creed, to which he had only given, at any time, a traditional and thoughtless adhesion? Such apologists are worse than any accusers. Henry of Navarre, with all his faults, was a truer man

than these defenders make him. He was no hypocrite when he led his gallant troops at Coutras and at Ivry ; and to suppose that for long years he conducted one of the deadliest civil wars which France has ever known without one honest enthusiasm or a solitary religious inspiration, is to fasten upon him the brand of a colossal blood-guiltiness for which history would scarcely find a parallel. Some ascribe his apostasy to a humane and politic foresight ; others, quite as plausibly, to the absence of commanding principle, the power of seductive influences, and a weakness for sensual pleasure. But whether prompted by godless expediency, or by fatal flexibility to the influences of evil, it was a great sin. It deserves sharp and stern reprobation. Taking the best view of it, it exalted human sagacity above God's great laws of truth and right, which cannot be violated with impunity. Taking the worst view of it, it was an impious blasphemy against all sacred things,—in the strong, but just words of a modern French historian, “a lie from beginning to end.” But honesty is the best policy, as well as the noblest practice ; and it may be questioned fairly whether the abjuration was not, *à la* Talleyrand, “worse than a crime—a blunder ;” whether the political results of it were not fraught as much with mischief as with blessing. It conciliated the Catholics, but by presenting religion as a profession which might be changed like a garment, it tended to sap the founda-

tions of all piety, and prepared the way for those godless philosophising ideas which cursed the France of the future with a blaspheming and destructive infidelity. It gave the Huguenots a comparative and mistrusted toleration, but it robbed them of their severer virtues, and imperilled their consistency by the contagion of its scandalous example. It secured to himself a reign of seventeen years, but they were years of vice and terror, abruptly terminated by the assassin's dagger. It rescued France from the rivalry of a disputed succession, but it entailed upon her two centuries of misrule and despotism. It transmitted the crown to seven of his posterity in succession; but one was a monkish hypochondriac, one has left an infamous and execrated name, three were deposed by their tumultuous subjects, and one perished on the scaffold. Louis XIV. seems to be the only exception to the fatality which, like a weird-spirit of disaster, waited upon the house of Bourbon, and even he—a despot and a debauchee, a prodigal and a persecutor—entailed ruin, if he did not suffer it, upon his name and race. So true are the maxims of the Holy Book—"A lying tongue is but for a moment, but the lip of truth shall be established for ever." "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

We have said that there was in the character of Henry of Navarre a fatal flexibility to evil influences, and we are inclined to think that if we regard him as

too indolent to rebel against the pressure of present advisers, constant only in fickleness, we shall explain many of the seeming inconsistencies of his conduct and of his reign. He seems to have had mingled with the bravery and intellect which he undoubtedly possessed, a marvellous ductility which yielded to well-nigh every touch of interest or passion. He never seems to have said "No," to any one. "My son," said Jeanne d'Albret, "swear fealty to the cause of the Reformed." The oath was taken. "My brother," said Charles IX., "don't bury yourself in the country, come to court." Henry came. "Don't you think you had better marry Marguerite of Valois?" No objections. "The mass or the massacre," thundered out the assassins on the day of St Bartholomew. "Oh the mass, by all means." "Follow after pleasure," whispered Catharine de Medicis; "kings and princes are absolved from too strict adhesion to the marriage vow." Henry too readily obeyed. "Let us form an alliance," said Henry of Valois, although he had told the States at Blois that they were not to believe him, even if he promised with most sacred oaths that he would spare the heretics. "With all my heart," was the reply of Navarre. "Become Catholic," shouted the nobles of the court, "and we will swear allegiance." "Wait a bit," was the answer of the king. "Abjure," was the soft whisper of the all-powerful Gabrielle d'Estrées; "the pope can annul your marriage, and

then ours shall be love and gladness." Henry abjured. "Sire, we look to you for protection," respectfully said the Reformed. "Oh, of course ; only if I should seem to favour the Catholics, remember the fatted calf was killed for the prodigal, and you are the elder son." "Sire, don't you think it rather hard upon the Jesuits that they should be banished from France? May they not come back again?" Oh, certainly, if they wish it;" and they came—and among them Ravallac the assassin. Throughout the whole of his life there is scarcely a recorded instance of his maintenance of an individual opinion, or of his assertion of a commanding will. Oh, these men who cannot say "No;" what mischief they have wrought in this world! Their history would be a sad one if we could only trace it. Advantages thrown away, opportunities of golden promise slipping by unheeded, fortune squandered, friends neglected; one man drawn into difficult controversy, another involved in ruinous speculation, a third wallowing in the mire of intemperance, a fourth dragged into the foul hell of a gaming-house. Gambling, drunkenness, felony, beggary, ruin both to body and soul, all because men could not say "No." A lively essayist of modern times has humorously depicted some of the evils which rise out of this inability to utter negatives:—

"Is he a rational being who has not an opinion of his own?—No! Is he in possession of his five senses

who sees with the eyes, who hears with the ears of other men?—No! Does he act upon principle who sacrifices truth, honour, and independence on the shrine of servility?—Again and again we reply, No! no! no!

“There’s Sir Philip Plausible, the Parliament man. He can make a speech of nine hours, and a calculation of nine pages. Nobody is a better hand at *getting up* a majority, or palavering a refractory oppositionist. He proffers an argument and a bribe with equal dexterity, and converts by place and pension when he is unable to convince by alliteration and antithesis. What a pity it is he can’t say ‘No.’ ‘Sir Philip,’ says an envoy, ‘you’ll remember my little business at the Foreign Office?’ ‘Depend upon my friendship,’ says the minister.’ ‘Sir Philip,’ says a fat citizen, with two votes and two dozen children, ‘you’ll remember Billy’s place in the Customs?’ ‘Rely on my promise!’ says the minister. ‘Sir Philip!’ says a lady of rank, ‘Ensign Roebuck is an officer most deserving promotion!’ ‘He shall be a colonel!’ says the minister. Mark the result! He has outraged his friendship; he has forgotten his promise; he has falsified his oath. Had he ever an idea of performing what he spoke? Quite the reverse! How unlucky that he cannot say ‘No!’

“Look at Bob Lily! There lives no finer poet! Epic, elegiac, satiric, Pindaric, it is all one to him! He is patronised by all the first people in town. Everybody compliments him, everybody asks him to dinner.

Nay ! there are some who *read* him. He excels alike in tragedy and farce, and is without a rival in amphibious dramas, which may be called either the one or the other ; but he is a sad bungler in negatives. ‘Mr Lily,’ says the duchess, his patroness, ‘you will be sure to bring that dear epithalamium to my conversazione this evening.’ ‘There is no denying your grace,’ says the poet. ‘I say, Lily,’ says the duke, his patron, ‘you will dine with us at seven?’ ‘Your grace does me honour,’ says the poet. ‘Bob!’ says the young marquis, ‘you are for Brookes’s to-night?’ ‘To be sure!’ says the poet. Mark the result! He is gone to eat tripe with his tyrannical bookseller; he has disappointed his patroness; he has offended his patron; he has cut the club! How unlucky he cannot say ‘No!’

“Ned Shuttle was a dashing young fellow who, to use his own expression, was ‘above denying a thing.’ In plainer terms, he could not say ‘No.’ ‘Sir!’ says an enraged Tory, ‘you are the author of this pamphlet!’ Ned never saw the work, but he was above ‘denying a thing,’ and was horsewhipped for a libeller. ‘Sir!’ says an unfortunate pigeon, ‘you had the king in your sleeve last night!’ Ned never saw the pigeon before, but he was ‘above denying a thing,’ and was cut for a blackleg. ‘Sir!’ says a hot Hibernian, ‘you insulted my sister in the Park!’ Ned never saw the lady or her champion before, but he was ‘above denying a thing,’ and was shot through the head the next morn-

ing. Poor fellow! How unlucky that he could not say 'No!'"*

Believe me, he who can say "No," when to say it is to speak to his own hurt, has achieved a conquest greater far than he that taketh a city. Let me exhort you to cultivate this talent for yourselves. You need not mistake sauciness for strength, and be rude, and brusque, and self-opinionated in your independence. That extreme were as uncomely as the other. But let it be ours to be self-reliant amid hosts of the vacillating—real in a generation of triflers—true amongst a multitude of shams—when tempted to swerve from principle, sturdy as an oak in its maintenance; when solicited by the enticements of sinners, firm as a rock in our denial. I trust that yours may never be the character which, that you may be the more impressed by it, I give you in the poet's pleasant verse:—

" 'He had faults, perhaps had many,
But one fault above them all
Lay like heavy lead upon him,
Tyrant of a patient thrall.
Tyrant seen, confess'd, and hated,
Banish'd only to recall.'


" 'Oh! he drank?' 'His drink was water!'
'Gambled?' 'No! he hated play.'
'Then, perchance, a tenderer feeling
Led his heart and head astray?'
'No! both honour and religion
Kept him in the purer way.'

* Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

- “ ‘ Then he scorned life’s mathematics,
 Could not reckon up a score,
 Pay his debts, or be persuaded
 Two and two were always four ? ’
 ‘ No ! he was exact as Euclid,
 Prompt and punctual—no one more.’
- “ ‘ Oh ! a miser ? ’ ‘ No.’ ‘ Too lavish ? ’
 ‘ Worst of guessers, guess again.’
 ‘ No ! I ’m weary hunting failures.
 Was he seen of mortal ken,
 Paragon of marble virtues,
 Quite a model man of men ? ’
- “ ‘ At his birth an evil spirit
 Charms and spells around him flung,
 And with well concocted malice,
 Laid a curse upon his tongue ;
 Curse that daily made him wretched—
 Earth’s most wretched sons among.
- “ ‘ He could plead, expound, and argue,
 Fire with wit, with wisdom glow ;
 But one word for ever fail’d him,
 Source of all his pain and woe :
 Luckless man ! he could not say it,
 Could not, dare not, answer—No ! ’ ”

The sole result of advantage, immediately flowing from the king’s apostasy, was the power which it gave him to promulgate the celebrated Edict of Nantes, the great charter of the French Reformation. In the preamble it was acknowledged that God was adored by all the French people, with unity of intention, though in variety of form ; and it was then declared to be a perpetual and irrevocable law—the main foundation of union and tranquillity in the state. The concessions

granted by it were,—1. Full liberty of conscience (in private) to all ; 2. The public celebration of worship in places where it was established at the time of the passing of the edict, and in the suburbs of cities ; 3. That superior lords might hold assemblies within the precincts of their chateaux, and that gentlemen of lower degree might admit visitors to the number of thirty to their domestic worship ; 4. That Protestantism should be no bar to offices of public trust, nor to participation in the benefactions of charity ; 5. That they should have chartered academies for the education of their youth ; 6. That they might convene and hold national synods ; and 7. That they should be allowed a certain number of cautionary towns, fortified and garrisoned to secure against infractions of the covenant. This edict, though as it appears to us, recognising an *imperium in imperio*, and as such giving freedom but in grudging measure, was for eighty-seven years the rule of right, if not the bulwark of defence for the Protestants of France. Those years, after all, were years of distrust and suspicion, of encroachment on the one hand, and of resistance on the other. The fall of Rochelle, and the edict of pardon in 1629, definitively terminated the religious wars of France, and the Protestants, excluded from court employment, and from civil service, lost their temptations to luxury and idleness, and became the industrial sinews of the state. They farmed the fine




land of the Cevennes ; and the vineyards of Berri. The wine-trade of Guienne, the cloths of Caen ; the maritime trade on the seaboard of Normandy, the manufactures in the north-western provinces, the silks and taffetas of Lyons ; and many others which time would fail us to mention, were almost entirely in their hands ; and by the testimony of their enemies, they combined the highest citizenship with the highest piety ; industry, frugality, integrity—all the commercial virtues hallowed by unbending conscientiousness, earnest love of religion, and a continual fear of God.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked on 22d October 1685. The principal causes which led to this suicidal stroke of policy, were the purchased conversions and the Dragonades. Louis XIV. had a secret fund which he devoted to the conversion of his Protestant subjects. The average price for a convert was about six livres per head, and the abjuration and the receipt, twin vouchers for the money, were submitted to the king together. The management of this fund was entrusted to Pelisson, originally a Huguenot, but who became a convert to amend his fortunes, and a converter to enrich them. The establishment was conducted upon strictly commercial principles. It had its branches, correspondents, letters of credit, lists of prices current, and so forth, like any other mercantile concern. There is extant a curious letter, perhaps we should say circular, of Pelisson's, which shews that, amid all his zeal, he had

a keen eye for business, and was not disposed to be imprudent in his speculations with the consciences of others. "Although," he says, "you may go as far as a hundred francs, it is not meant that you are always to go to that extent, as it is necessary to use the utmost possible economy ; in the first place, to shed this dew (O blessed baptismal dew !) upon as many as possible, and besides, if we give a hundred francs to people of no consequence, without any family to follow them, those who are a little above them, or who bring a number of children after them, will demand far larger sums." Pelisson's success was so great, that Louvois was stimulated with the like holy ambition, only his converting agency was not a charge of money, but a charge of dragoons. Troops were quartered upon Huguenot families, and the soldiers were allowed every possible licence of brutality, short only of rape and murder. All kinds of threat and indignity were practised to induce the Protestants to abjure ; the ingenuity of the soldiers was taxed to devise tortures that were agonising, without being mortal. Whole provinces were reported as being converted. One of the agents in the Cevennes wrote to the Chancellor thus :—"The number of Protestants in this province is 240,000. I asked until the 25th of next month for their entire conversion, but I fixed too distant a date, for I believe that at the end of this month all will be done." No day passed without bringing to the king the news of thousands of

conversions ; the court affected to believe that Protestantism in France was at an end, and the king, willingly deluded, no longer hesitated to strike the last blow. On 22d October 1685, he signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The following were the chief provisions :—The abolition of Protestant worship throughout the land, under penalty of arrest of body and confiscation of goods. Ministers were to quit the kingdom in a fortnight, but if they would be converted they might remain and have an advance of salary. Protestant schools were closed, and all children born after the passing of the law, were to be baptized by the priests, and brought up in the communion of Rome. All refugees were to return to France in four months, and to abjure, otherwise their property was declared confiscate, under pain of the galleys for men, and imprisonment for women. Protestants were forbidden to quit the kingdom, and to carry their fortunes abroad. All the strict laws concerning relapsing heretics were confirmed ; and finally, those Protestants who had not changed their religion, might remain in France *until it should please God to enlighten them.*” This last sentence sounds bravely pious, and liberal, and many of the Protestants began to rejoice that at least private liberty of conscience remained to them ; but they soon found that the interpretation of it was, “until the dragoons should convert them as they had converted whole provinces before.” The provisions of the edict were

carried out with inflexible rigour. The pastors were driven into immediate banishment, the laity were forbidden to follow them, but in spite of prohibitions and perils, in the face of the attainder and of the galleys, there were few abjurations and many refugees. Some crossed the frontier sword in hand, others bribed the guards and assumed all sorts of disguises; ladies of quality might be seen crawling many weary leagues to escape at once from their persecutors and their country. Some put out to sea in frail and open boats, preferring the cruel chances of winds and waves, to the more cruel certainty of their fierce human oppressors; and fair women who had lived all their lives in affluence, and whose cheeks the air of heaven had never visited too roughly, fled without food or store, save a little brackish water, or gathered snow by the road-side, with which the mothers moistened the parched lips of their babes. Protestant countries received the refugees with open arms. England, America, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Holland—all profited by this wholesale proscription of Frenchmen. It is difficult to estimate the numbers who escaped. Vauban  wrote, a year after the Revocation, that France had lost 100,000 inhabitants, 60,000,000 of francs in specie, 9000 sailors, 12,000 veterans, 600 officers, and her most flourishing branches of manufacture and trade. Siemondi considers the loss to have exceeded 300,000 men; and Capefigue, the latest writer on the subject,

and an adversary to the Protestant cause, reports that at least 225,000 quitted the kingdom. But all are agreed that the refugees were among the bravest, the most loyal, and the most industrious in the kingdom, and that they carried with them the arts by which they had enriched their country, and abundantly repaid the hospitality which afforded them in other lands that asylum which was denied them in their own.

So early as the latter half of the sixteenth century, thousands of French fugitives had taken refuge in England, from the persecutions which followed the massacre of St Bartholomew. The first French church in London was established in 1550, and owed its origin to the piety of King Edward VI., and to the powerful protection of Somerset and Cranmer. Churches were subsequently founded by successive emigrations, in Canterbury, Sandwich, Norwich, Southampton, Glastonbury, Dover, and several other towns; so that at the period when the Edict of Nantes was revoked, these were centres of unity around which the persecuted ones might rally. It is estimated that nearly eighty thousand established themselves in this country during the ten years which preceded or followed the revocation. About one-third of them settled in London, especially in the districts of Long Acre, Seven Dials, and Spitalfields. Scotland and Ireland received their share of refugees. The quarter in Edinburgh long known as Picardy, and French Church Street in Cork, are attestations of their presence there. The French Protestants were very effi-

cient supporters of William of Orange, in those struggles for principle which drove the last of the Stuarts from the throne. The revolution in England was effected without bloodshed ; but in Ireland numbers of the refugees rallied round the Protestant standard. A refugee, de la Melonière, was brigadier at the siege of Carrickfergus ; a refugee, Marshal Schomberg, led the troops at the Battle of the Boyne ; and when William was established in London, and, breaking off diplomatic relations, enjoined the French ambassador to quit within twenty-four hours, by one of those caprices which are strangely like retribution, a refugee, De l'Estang, was sent to notify his dismissal ; and a refugee, St Leger, received orders to escort him safely to Dover.

* The influence which the refugees exerted upon the trade and manufactures of the country was more widespread, and more lasting. The commercial classes of England ought, of all others, to feel grateful to the Protestants of France ; for the different branches of manufacture which were introduced by them have mainly contributed to make our "merchants princes, and our traffickers the honourable of the earth." They established a factory in Spitalfields, where silks were woven on looms, copied from those of Lyons and of Tours ; they taught the English to make "brocades, satins, paduasoyes, velvets, and stuffs of mingled silk and cotton." They introduced also the manufacture of fine linen, of Caudebec hats, of printed calicoes, of

Gobelin tapestry, of sailcloth, and of paper. Most of these things had previously been obtained only by importation ; and where native manufactories were at work, they produced articles of coarser material, and of less elegant design. It has been ascertained by calculation, that the manufactures introduced into this country by these same despised Huguenot traders deprived France of an annual return of £1,800,000. There is an old proverb, " Whom the gods will destroy they first madden ;" and certainly the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not only an atrocious wickedness, but an act of unparalleled folly.


Many of the refugees and their descendants attained honourable positions, and well served the country of their adoption in art, and science, and statesmanship, and jurisprudence, and literature, and arms. Thomas Savery, a refugee, was the inventor of a machine for draining marshes, and obtained a patent for it so long ago as 1698. Dennis Papin, a refugee, realised, a century before Watt watched the tea-kettle, the great idea of steam-power, and had a notion, which they called " a pretension " then, of navigating vessels without oars or sails. Saurin burst into the reputation of his eloquence at the Hague ; but at the old French church in Threadneedle Street, he " preened his wings of fire." Abbadie discoursed with mild and earnest persuasion in the church at the Savoy, and then wrote, with ability and effect, from the deanery of Killaloe. The first literary

newspaper in Ireland was published by the pastor Droz, a refugee, who founded a library on College Green, in Dublin. The physician, Desaguliers, the disciple and friend of Newton; Thelluson (Lord Rendlesham), a brave soldier in the Peninsular War, more distinguished than notorious; Thelluson, the millionaire, the eccentric will-maker, more notorious than distinguished; General Ligonier, who commanded the English army at the battle of Lawfield; General Prevost, who distinguished himself in the American War; General de Blaquiére, a man of high personal valour and military skill; Labouchère, formerly in the cabinet; Lord Eversley, who, as Mr Shaw Lefèvre, was the Speaker of the House of Commons; Sir John Romilly, the present Master of the Rolls; Sir Samuel Romilly, his humane and accomplished father; Majendie, some time Bishop of Chester; Saurin, once Attorney-General for Ireland; Austen Henry Layard, the excavator of Nineveh,—all these, it is said, are descendants of the families of the French refugees.

* The descendants of the Huguenots long remained as a distinct people, preserving a nationality of their own, and entertaining hopes of return, under more favourable auspices, to their beloved fatherland. In the lapse of years these hopes grew gradually fainter, and both habit and interest drew them closer to the country of their shelter and of their adoption. The fierce wars of the Republic, the crash of the first revolution, and the

threatened invasion of England by the first Napoleon, severed the last ties which bound them to their own land, and their affinities and sympathies being for the most part English, there was an almost absolute fusion both of race and name.

One hardly knows, indeed, where to look for a genuine Saxon now, for the refugee blood circulates beneath many a sturdy patronymic, whose original wearer we might have sworn had lived in the Heptarchy, or trod the beechen glade in the times of Eanwolf and Athelstan. Who would suppose for a moment that there can lurk anything Norman in the colourless names of White and Black, or in the authoritative names of King and Masters, or in the juvenile name of Young, or in the stave-and-barrel-suggesting appellation of Cooper, or in the light and airy denomination of Bird? Yet history tells us that these are the names now borne by those who at the close of the last century rejoiced in the designations of Leblanc, Lenoir, Loiseau, Lejeunes, Le Tonnellier, Lemaitre, Leroy. The fact was, that when Napoleon threatened to invade England—to which they owed so much—they felt ashamed of being Frenchmen, and translated their names into good sturdy Saxon. Thus did these noble men—faithful witnesses for God, brave upholders of the supremacy of conscience—enrich the revenues and vindicate the liberty of the land which had furnished them a home, and then, as the last tribute of their gratitude, they



merged their nationality in ours, and became one with us in feeling, in language, in religion.)

Protestantism in France—oppressed by many restrictions, suffering equally under a parricidal republic, and under a “paternal despotism”—yet lives and struggles on. Though small in its numerical extent, it does no unworthy work—though unostentatious in its simple worship, it bears no inglorious witness against apostasy and sin. There is hope for the future of France—hope in the dim streaks of the morning, that the day will come—hope in the hoariness of Popery, for it is dismally stricken in years—hope in the inability of scepticism and philosophy, falsely so called, to fill a national heart, around which an unsatisfied desire keeps for ever moaning like the wind around a ruined cairn—hope, above all, in the unexhausted power of that Divine Word, which, when it has free course, *will* be glorified; and in the sure promise, faithful amid all change, that “the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ, and He shall reign for ever.

And England, what of her? The dear old land—rich in ancestral memory, and radiant with a younger hope; the Elim of palms and fountains in the exile’s wilderness—whose soil the glad slave blesses as he leaps on her shores a freeman: England—standing like a rock in mid-ocean, and when the tempest howls elsewhere, receiving only the spent spray of the revolutionary wave; or as the ark in the deluge, the only mission

of the frantic waters being to bear it safely to the Ararat of rest: England—great by her gospel heritage, powerful by her Protestant privileges, free by her forefathers' martyrdoms—what of her? Is she to be faithful or traitorous? gifted with increasing prosperity, or shorn of her strength, and hasting to decay? The nations of old have successively flourished and faded. Babylon and Carthage, Macedon and Persia, Greece and Rome—all in their turn have yielded to the law of decline. Is it of necessity uniform? Must we shrivel into inanition, while "westward the course of empire takes its way?" I may be sanguine, that is an error of enthusiasm—I may be proud of my birthland, of all pride that is the least unholy—but both the patriot's impulse and the seer's inspiration prompt the answer, No—a thousand times No!—if only there be fidelity to principle, to truth, to God. Not in the national characteristics of reverence and hope—reverence for the struggling past—hope in the beautiful future; not in the absence of class antagonisms, nor in the fine community of interest in all things sacred and free; not in the true practicalness of the British mind, doing, not dreaming, ever; not in any or all of these, valuable and influential as they unquestionably are—put we our trust for the bright destiny of England. Her history has facts on record which we would do well to ponder. "*One uniform connexion*," as Dr Croly has accurately shewn, "*between Romish ascendancy and*

national disaster—between Romish discountenance and national renown.” To the question of Voltaire, then, “Why has England so long and so successfully maintained her free institutions?” I would not answer, with Sir James Stephen, “Because England is still German,” though that may be a very substantial political reason; but rather “Because England is still Protestant, with a glad gospel, a pure altar, an unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible.” Let her keep her fidelity, and she will keep her position, and there need be no bounds to the sacred magnificence of her preservation. For nations as for individuals, that which is right is safe. A godless expediency or an unworthy compromise are sure avenues to national decline. Oh, if we would retain that influence which, as a nation, we hold in stewardship from God, there must be no adulterous alliances between Truth and Error, no conciliations at the expense of principle, and an utter abhorrence, alike by church and cabinet and crown, of that corrupt maxim of a corrupt creed, that it is lawful “to do evil that good may come.”

“Do ill that good may come, so Satan spake;
 Woe to the land deluded by that lie;
 Woe to its rulers, for whose evil sake
 The curse of God may now be hovering nigh:
 Up, England, and avert it! boldly break
 The spells of sorceress Rome, and cast away
 Godless expedience; say, Is it wise,
 Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day,
 To dare the vengeance from to-morrow’s skies?
 Be wiser thou, dear land, my native home

Do always good—do good that good may come.
The path of duty plain before thee lies,
Break, break the spells of the enchantress, Rome.”

And now, at the close, let me repeat the sentiment advanced at the beginning,—God is working in the world, and, therefore, there shall be progress for ever. God’s purpose doth not languish. Through a past of disaster and of struggle, “Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne,” through centuries of persecution, with oppressors proud, and with confessors faithless, amid multitudes apostate and shame-hearted, with only here and there an Abdiel, brave, but single-handed—God has been always working, evolving, in His quiet power, from the seeming, the real, from the false, the true. Not for nothing blazed the martyrs’ fires—not for nothing toiled brave sufferers up successive hills of shame. God’s purpose doth not languish. The torture and trial of the past have been the stern ploughers in His service, who never suspend their husbandry, and who have “made long their furrows.” Into those furrows the imperishable seed hath fallen. The heedless world hath trodden it in, tears and blood have watered it, the patient sun hath warmed and cheered it to its ripening, and it shall be ready soon. “Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Lift up your eyes,” and yonder, upon the crest of the mountain, the lone watcher, the prophet with the shining forehead, look-

ing out upon God's acres, announces to the waiting people — "The fields are white unto the harvest. Thrust in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe." But the Lord wants reapers. Who of you will go out, sickle in hand, to meet Him? The harvest is ripe; shall it droop in heavy and neglected masses, for want of reapers to gather it in? To you, the young, in your enthusiasm—to you, the aged, in your wisdom—to you, men of daring enterprise and chainless ardour—to you, heirs of the rare endurance, and strong affection of womanhood—to you, the rich in the grandeur of your equalising charity—to you, the poor, in the majesty of your ungrudging labour, the Master comes and speaks. Does not the whisper thrill you? "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Up, there's work for you all—work for the lords of broad acres, work for the kings of two hands. Ye are born, all of you, to a royal birthright. Scorn not the poor, thou wealthy—his toil is nobler than thy luxury. Fret not at the rich, thou poor—his beneficence is comelier than thy murmuring. Join hands, both of you, rich and poor together, as ye toil in the brotherhood of God's great harvest-field—heirs of a double heritage—thou poor, of thy queenly labour—thou rich, of thy queenlier charity—and let heaven bear witness to the bridal—

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,

And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old :
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares,—
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares ;
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn :
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art :
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door :
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

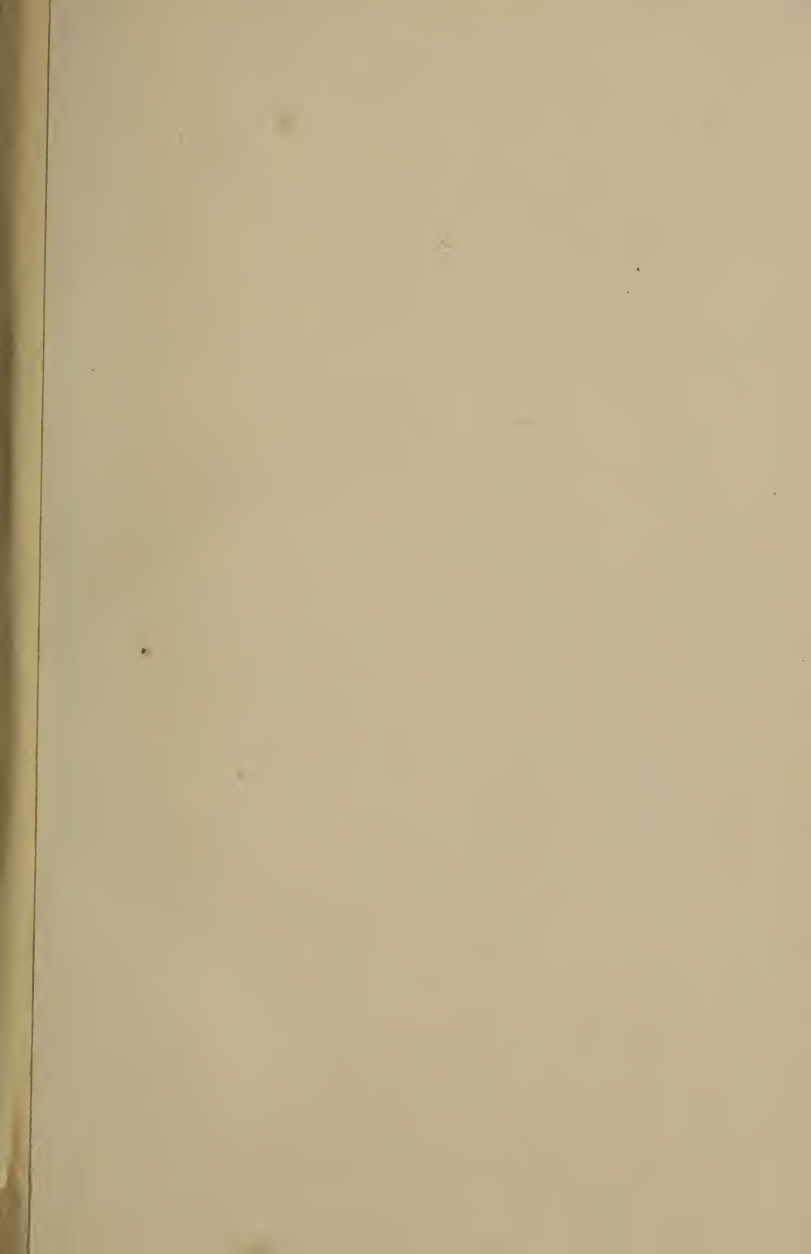
Oh, rich man's son ! there is a toil .
That with all others level stands,
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands ;
This is the best crop from thy lands :
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being *rich* to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son ! scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great ;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign :
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last,
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By records of a well-fill'd past :
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

LONDON, *Feb.* 8, 1859.

THE END.



By the same Author.

Price 3d. each,

THE PROPHET OF HOREB, AND JOHN BUNYA

LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN EXETER HALL.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

Crown 8vo, 4s. cloth,

LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, in Exeter Hall, during the Winter of 1858-59.

CONTENTS:—The Lord Bishop of Ripon: Social Effects of the Reformation.—I Newman Hall, LL.B.: The Occulation of Jupiter (with illustrations).—Rev. ward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D.: Socrates.—Rev. Gervase Smith: The Spanish Armada.—Rev. J. M. McCulloch, D.D.: The Life of Jesus its own Witness.—J. P. Chown: William Carey.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon: De Propaganda Fide.—Henry Allon: Characteristics and Tendencies of Modern Literature.—Rev. H Stowell, M.A.: The Law of Labour a Law of Love.—Rev. James H. Rigg: Bible and Modern Progress.—Rev. George Fisk, LL.B.: The Liberty of Opinion and the Qualifications for Using it.—Rev. John Cumming, D.D.: Sacred Music.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

Complete in 4 vols. crown 8vo, 16s. cloth, gilt,

OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS: Readings from the Best Divines.

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Dedicated to the Lord Bishop of London.

Extending from the Reformation to the close of the eighteenth century, it is object of this series to give the reader a comprehensive view of that very varied and noble Christian literature by which our country has been signalised above others, with biographical and critical notices of the more distinguished authors.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

Complete in 6 vols. crown 8vo, price £1, 4s., in cloth,

EXCELSIOR: Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature. Illustrated by careful Drawings on Wood.

As, besides continuous papers on such subjects as Zoology, Meteorology, British Mining, the Fine Arts, the Human Frame, Church History, English Letter- Writers, &c., these volumes contain numerous contributions in the departments of Biography, Adventures and Incidents of Travel, the Useful Arts, Tales, Poetical Literary Criticism, Scriptural Evidences, and Christian Ethics, it is believed that they will be found a welcome acquisition amongst those who, in their search for amusement, do not lose sight of instruction. More especially is it respectfully submitted that, combining so much sound information with the liveliness of a miscellany, they would find an appropriate place in the bookcase of the School-room and in the Village Library, as well as on the shelf beside the Parlour-fire.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 019 620 055 1